

LEAVING DYING WIFE AFTER HOURS OF ANXIOUS WATCHING, PATRICK DEVANEY IS SHOT DOWN IN HIS CHILD'S PRESENCE.

INNOCENT OF ANY WRONG DID NOT WEAKEN.

Reilly Admits Devaney Was a Stranger and Inoffensive, but He Was Bound to Stop Loitering if He Had to Kill Some One.

When the Great Leopardess Jumped for the Little Russian Lace Poodle She Showed She Was Game Enough to "Scrap."

Hungry and without medicine, a widow of a day lies dying in a dark, foul-smelling room, No. 338 West Eleventh street. Her husband, Patrick Devaney, was murdered yesterday afternoon as he stood in front of the very place where he was born, forty-five years ago, with his four-year-old daughter by his side, each seeking a breath of pure air, denied them in their humble home.

The murderer was Francis Reilly, janitor of a tenement house, which a few years ago supplanted the house in which Devaney was born, No. 704 Washington street. Not a single circumstance has been learned that can in the least mitigate the cold-blooded character of the crime.

Horror of the Crime.

He ordered Devaney to move on, calling him a loafer. He drew a revolver to frighten him, and when, with cool courage, Devaney stood his ground the janitor shot him in the head. Devaney was an oysterman. He used to unload the oyster boats that docked in the vicinity of the foot of West Eleventh street. For five weeks work of this sort has been slack and he had made a little money driving an ash cart. He, with his mother, wife, and five children, occupied three rooms in the basement of No. 338 West Eleventh street. His children are John, nineteen; Anne, fourteen; Frank, twelve; Kate, eight, and Sadie, four years old. Last Tuesday his wife fell ill. A physician was called and he prescribed for her, but the prescriptions have never been filled, for what money the family had was needed for food. Yesterday Mrs. Devaney was very sick. Her husband had been at her bedside most of the night and all of the morning. The air in the room, which has no window, and is lighted by a coal lamp, was exhausted.

Went Out to Get Air.

Devaney felt that he must get out into the street for a little while. He took little Sadie by the hand and, having lighted his pipe, strolled out. He walked around the corner to in front of No. 704 Washington street. He had lived all his life in this neighborhood and he never cared to get far away. Puffing his pipe, he leaned against the iron railing in front of the tenement house. He saw the janitor standing across the street and he nodded to him. Little Sadie ran up and down, careless of her mother's illness and her father's troubles as children always must be. Then Reilly came down into the street. He was in an ugly mood. The neighbors and the tenants say that he usually is. He is known for blocks around as a criminal.

"Get away from here," he said harshly to Devaney.

Devaney took his pipe from his mouth and said:

"What for?"

"Because you've got no right to loaf around here and because I tell you to get away," replied the janitor imperiously.

"Well, I won't get away from here," said Devaney. "I've got a right to stand here. I'm not doing you no harm what you've got in your pocket."

"This is what I've got in my pocket," remarked Reilly, pulling out a revolver and showing it to Devaney.

Fired at His Victim.

With that he drew out the revolver and fired at Devaney. The bullet entered his forehead and he fell. The janitor turned and ran upstairs to his room on the first floor. He stopped in her play and gazed wide-eyed at her father, from whose head he heard a thin stream of blood.

John Devaney from across the street had heard the shot and run up. So did Policemen Carroll and Quinn. They sent the wounded man to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he died in a few minutes.

They went to Reilly's apartment and found him sitting in a chair.

"I didn't mean to kill him," he said. "I never saw that I had a gun in my hand. He refused to move on when I told him and I shot him. There have been a lot of looters hanging out on that corner and they would not move on when I told them. I guess they will now."

Mrs. Devaney was not told of her widowhood until to-day. It is not expected now that she will recover. She certainly will not unless she gets medicine and proper nourishment. There is not a cent in the house and Devaney will probably be buried in Potter's Field.

Reilly was arraigned before Magistrate Brann in Jefferson Market Court this morning and remanded to the Coroner. Reilly's face was bruised and his eye blackened, but he refused to say a word.

CARNEGIE'S FRIEND DEAD.

Walter Crane, Ironmaster's Librarian, Expires at Wife's Feet.

BRADDOCK, Pa., Oct. 20.—Walter Crane, a close personal friend of Andrew Carnegie, dropped dead at his home here from apoplexy.

He went to call him for dinner and he fell at her feet.

Mr. Crane was a native of Scotland, forty-six years of age, and a graduate from Edinburgh University. He had filled editorial positions on newspapers and had been a member of the board of directors of the Carnegie Free Library Association. He was a close friend of Mr. Carnegie, the latter having induced him to leave Joliet, Ill., where he had planned a club-house for the library and club-house for workers of the Illinois Steel Company.

Three Ways of Doing.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"There are two ways to do a thing," exclaimed the lecturer, "and they are the right and the wrong way."

"But," pleaded a thin, small voice in the rear seats, "what about a compromise?"

"Carried the lecturer. 'That's what I want!'"

Cruel Fangs of Romeo, the Lion, Pierced Her Spine in a Fight, and Her Show Career is Ended.

DIDI DID NOT WEAKEN.

When the Great Leopardess Jumped for the Little Russian Lace Poodle She Showed She Was Game Enough to "Scrap."

No press agent's dream was the report of the battle of the beasts between Annie, a tigress, and Romeo, a lion, in the Bostock Arena in St. Nicholas Garden. It was a thrilling battle, fought in the presence of scores of men unable to interfere, and as a result of it the power of the king of beasts is vindicated, for Romeo is unscathed, while Annie is dying with a crushed spine.

Romeo is a new lion in the show. Charles Millere, one of the trainers, has had him in hand since his arrival, and yesterday attempted to rehearse him in an act with another lion, a tiger, a tigress, a Thibet bear, a polar bear and a baboon. Romeo got along famously with the baboon, the bears, the other lion and the tiger, but he had it in for Annie, the tigress, from the start.

Every time she passed him he reached out and scratched her with his powerful claws. She stood it until her savage nature was fully aroused, and then the fight was on.

The other animals knew what was coming and fled to the corners of the big arena, leaving the center to the lion and the tigress. They faced each other, crouching, and Millere knew that either beast getting a hold would not let go until the other was as good as dead. He drew a pistol from his pocket and fired it in the air, but the animals paid no more attention to it than if it had been a tin whistle.

Romeo roared and the tigress snarled as they maneuvered for the advantage. The other animals in the cages around the garden would then and added a chorus of howls, yelps, screams and growls that aroused the neighborhood. Attendants hurried from all parts of the building to stop the impending combat.

All Millere could do was fire his pistol and shout orders. Had he not been between the animals, in all likelihood they would have jumped on him and torn him up. Attendants, with prongs and clubs, were arriving, but none could get near enough to do execution.

Suddenly the tigress ceased her snarling, her body stretched out and her toes clutched convulsively at the floor. She was ready to spring. The lion braced himself and watched her every move, his great mouth wide open.

The tigress sprang. As she left the ground, the lion made a short leap and landed, bounced from the floor like a rubber ball and landed full on her back. She was imbedded in her spine behind the shoulders. She had not completed her spring when the great weight of the lion was on her back and he pierced her side.

Romeo had a death grip and the tigress was powerless to help herself. Attendants prodded the lion and pounded him, and Millere fired his pistol in the face of the lion. The lion roared. Not until Mr. Bostock arrived with a fire extinguisher and discharged it full into Romeo's nostrils would he let go. Annie was carried to her cage and veterinarians went to work to save her, but the task appears to be hopeless.

She was a sociable beast, and even now as she lies suffering she will turn her head and look gratefully at one who speaks kindly to her. Romeo, conscious of his power and revenge from the state of blood, must be trained all over again before it will be safe to allow him in a cage with other animals.

"DIDI" THE DOG NOT SCARED BY LEOPARDESS.

"Didi," the most valuable of all the dogs in Carl Hagenbeck's animal show at the New York Theatre, was pounced upon to-day by "Puss," the powerful leopardess, and when the keepers had beaten off his assailant "Didi" was without much of the long, lace-like fur that makes him so valuable.

The most remarkable feature of the encounter was that the dog, which is a Russian lace poodle and considered one of the most gentle of the troupe, showed fight and was not at all cowed by the leopardess.

Each morning the lions, tigers, leopards and other wild animals, called the "happy family," are turned loose in the big cage for exercise. This morning "Didi" was viewing them from the other side of the room and finally wandered over near the bars, looking through at the animals at play.

"Puss" eyed him steadily and, measuring the distance accurately, leaped fully sixteen feet. Her fore paws shot through the bars of the cage, and poor "Didi" was a prisoner. She tried to haul him through the bars, but seemed not unwilling to go. As the animal was being hauled, "Didi" was with the paws and he was rescued. "Didi" was two long strips of the handsome fur that he had lost, but he was not injured and did not appear in the performance for several days.

HAD A CORNER IN COPPERS.

Boys Said They Had a Run of Luck, but It Changed.

Laden with 80 pennies between them and asserting they were "crap-shooters" who had been blessed with a run of luck, two boys were locked up in the East Thirty-fifth street police station early to-day, charged with being suspicious persons. They gave their names as Jacob Muller, of No. 265 Avenue A, and Henry Wrinshofer, of No. 324 East Twenty-ninth street.

A man told Policeman King just before midnight that he had seen two young men climb over the night of Jacob Muller's grocery store at No. 265 Avenue A. King investigated and the arrested boys.

Mr. Korp opened his grocery store. The cash register was found on the floor, the police say, with the drawer open and empty.

JUST FRIENDLY TO PRINCE.

Reported Attachment of Slama's Bel Denied by Girl's Family.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 20.—Authority has been given by The World correspondent that the report of Gen. Wilson to deny the report of the attachment of the Crown Prince of Siam for Miss Wilson.

While Gen. Wilson and his daughter were in London for the coronation of King Edward they met the Prince and Princess of Siam. The princess, who is a beautiful girl, is said to have been very friendly to the general and his daughter.

His Dormant Talent.

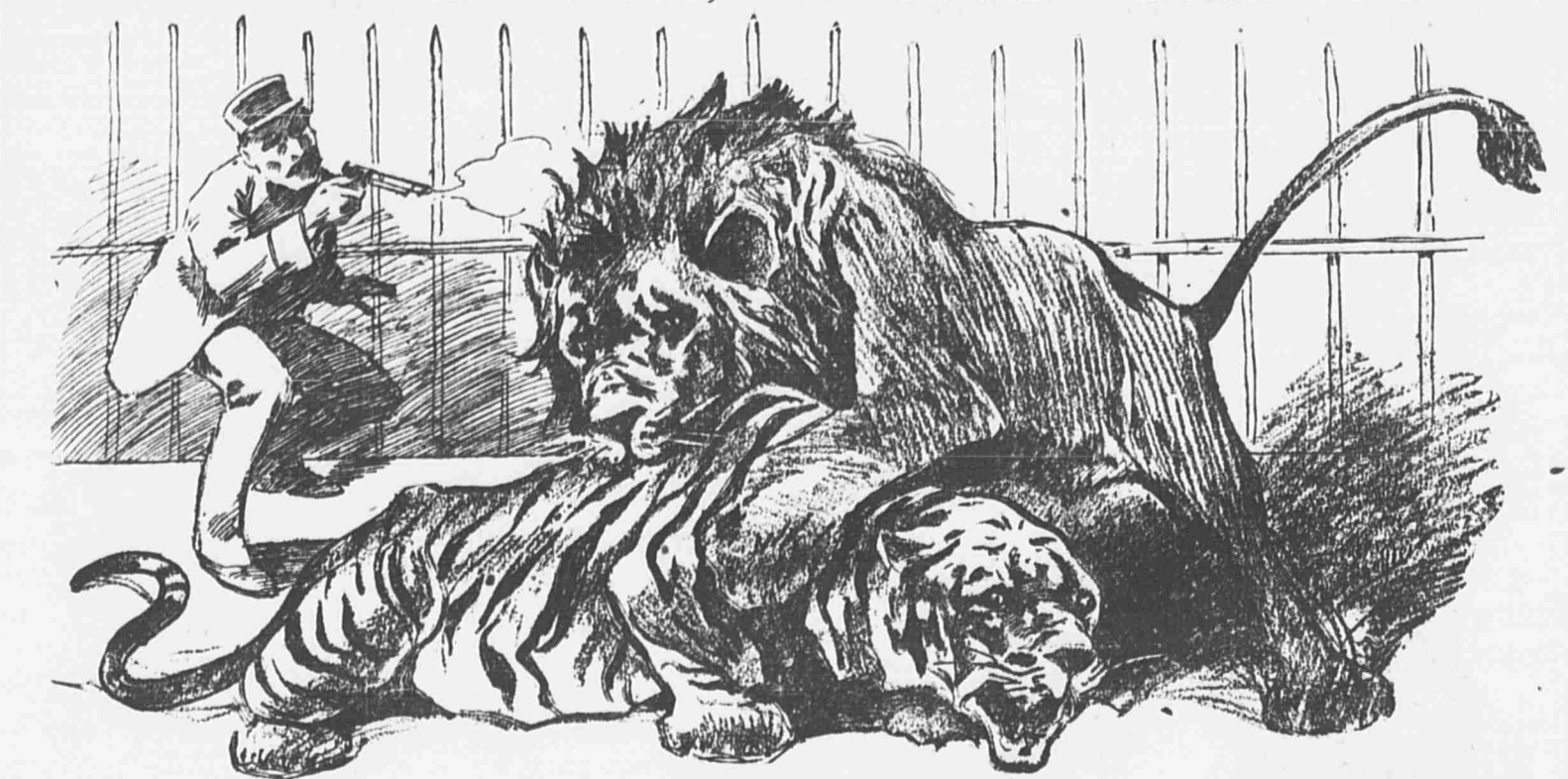
(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Mrs. Malaprop—He's got to be a real novel writer all of a sudden.

Mrs. McCall—Yes, and it's quite surprising that he should never have displayed his talent until so late in life.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, it's been lying dormant all this time.

ROMEO, THE FIERCE LION IN COMBAT WITH ANNIE, THE GENTLE TIGRESS, WOUNDS HER NEARLY TO DEATH.



DRAWN BY FRED SCHOEFFLER.

'MATT' ALLEN'S BOY AND JEWELS GONE.

Son of Well Known Horse Trainer Disappears. Also Mother's Diamond Sunburst.



Matthew Allen Jr.

The Westchester police are scouring the outlying districts for one Matthew Allen, Jr., who is said to have in his possession a \$1,000 diamond sunburst which was among his mother's most valued possessions.

Allen's father, "Matt" Allen, who is a well-known horse trainer, told the police that both boy and jewels were missing, and that he had grave suspicions that they had been stolen together. When last seen the sunburst was in Mrs. Allen's room.

Allen and his family were were to sail for Europe to-day and the sunburst episode has set their plans awry. This is young Allen's second disappearance. His first adventure began on Jan. 10, 1901, when it was found that he was missing from St. John's College, at Fordham. A general alarm was sent out and after five days of anxious search his body was found, half-drowned and ragged, to say that he could not tell where he had been.

All that he could recall he said, was that he had been in New Jersey. He had left home in the morning on his bicycle, and the parents were inclined to believe that their boy had been stolen, but after the boy's return the matter was soon lost sight of.

Allen, who was the trainer of Gold-heels, the 1902 Suburban winner, and who married his wife, Mrs. Allen, severely thrashed on Jan. 21 by Harry C. King, another horseman, who was assisted by a crowd of followers. King said that Allen had abused and spoken ill of her on several occasions and had offered her a large sum of money to leave him.

Although severely injured, Allen refused to make a complaint against King. After the dissolution of the marriage firm of "Diamond Jim" Brady King and Allen were divorced. King is a well-known horseman and has a large following.

Another sister, Mrs. Lafferty, of No. 35 East Thirty-second street, has promised to give her and her two children a home until her husband is ready to take care of her.

WAITED 40 YEARS TO WED.

Now Death Takes the Bride of Only Six Months.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 20.—Mrs. Susan Trumbull Price, wife of Dr. Harry H. Price, of Germantown, Pa., died here after a hardy married life of nearly forty years.

Dr. Price and Miss Trumbull met at a Maine summer resort long ago and their wedding day was fixed, but financial reverses delayed their marriage, although they kept up a correspondence for years, until Miss Trumbull finally came to Worcester. Price was seriously ill last January, and in his delirium he kept calling for her. She went to his bedside, nursed him and they were married then and there.

Young was once convicted, but his lawyer, P. A. McManus, secured for him a new trial. He is charged with killing a man named Eberhart, whom he is alleged to have shot while trying to escape arrest, indicted with Young originally was Schweitzer and Henry Downman.

Lawyer McManus said that the arrest of Schweitzer was nothing more than an effort upon the part of the District Attorney to discredit him as a witness.

His Dormant Talent.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Mrs. Malaprop—He's got to be a real novel writer all of a sudden.

Mrs. McCall—Yes, and it's quite surprising that he should never have displayed his talent until so late in life.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, it's been lying dormant all this time.

TO STOP TOLLS AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

Comptroller Finds the Practice Is Illegal and Requests Corporation Counsel to Proceed.

The controversy between President Swanson, of the Borough of Brooklyn, and the Manhattan Beach Land and Improvement Company over the right of the Manhattan Beach Land and Improvement Company to collect toll over the highway leading to Manhattan Beach, led Comptroller Grant to make an investigation of the rights of the Manhattan Beach Company and he has requested the Corporation Counsel to proceed legally against them.

He finds that the company has appropriated 250 acres of land which he believes belongs to the town of Gravesend.

"If all the land under water which was obtained by the Manhattan Beach Land and Improvement Company in their deed from the State of New York in 1885 belongs to the Town of Gravesend, and I believe it does," said Comptroller Grant to-day, "then all of the money which that property would be worth, and which the Manhattan Beach Land and Improvement Company should be compelled to pay for it to the City of New York, would inure to the benefit of the people of the Town of Gravesend and liquidate the bonded indebtedness of said town."

President John F. Cockerill, of the Road Builders' Association, appeared to urge an appropriation of \$10,000 for "earthling" the speedway. He informed the board that as the corporation has been a daily place of recreation for thousands of New Yorkers it should receive attention.

President John F. Cockerill, of the Road Builders' Association, appeared to urge an appropriation of \$10,000 for "earthling" the speedway. He informed the board that as the corporation has been a daily place of recreation for thousands of New Yorkers it should receive attention.

MRS. HARRINGTON SET FREE IN COURT.

Woman Who Wouldn't Leave Her Brother-in-Law's House Finds Another Home.

Mrs. Alice Harrington, who was arrested last night on complaint of her brother-in-law, James Finnegan, a steam drifter, of No. 124 Broadway avenue, because she refused to leave his house, was discharged to-day in Harlem Court.

Mrs. Harrington's husband, John, got out of work two weeks ago, and she was evicted from her home at Fourth avenue and Thirty-second street. She took her two children to live with Finnegan, who married her sister. On Saturday night she expected her husband, who had been working all week, to come and take her away. He didn't come. Neither did Finnegan.

She told the Magistrate that on Sunday morning she went to look for her husband and found him with Finnegan. Both of them, she said, had been drinking. She went back to Finnegan's home and when he came in he ordered her out of the house. When she wouldn't go he hit her. She said she was afraid to go back to her home and that she was now in the hands of Finnegan.

Another sister, Mrs. Lafferty, of No. 35 East Thirty-second street, has promised to give her and her two children a home until her husband is ready to take care of her.

HELD AS MURDER WITNESS.

Schweitzer, Once Indicted, Again Needed by the State.

Fredrick Schweitzer, of No. 306 East Ninety-first street, was held until to-day by Magistrate Plummer in the Tombs Court yesterday. He is wanted as a witness against Duncan Young, whose trial for murder begins in the Court of General Sessions to-day.

Young was once convicted, but his lawyer, P. A. McManus, secured for him a new trial. He is charged with killing a man named Eberhart, whom he is alleged to have shot while trying to escape arrest, indicted with Young originally was Schweitzer and Henry Downman.

Lawyer McManus said that the arrest of Schweitzer was nothing more than an effort upon the part of the District Attorney to discredit him as a witness.

His Dormant Talent.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Mrs. Malaprop—He's got to be a real novel writer all of a sudden.

Mrs. McCall—Yes, and it's quite surprising that he should never have displayed his talent until so late in life.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, it's been lying dormant all this time.

PLEA FOR TREES IN CITY STREETS.

Death Rate Among Children Increased by Absence of Shade, Says Planting Association.

Men and women lovers of trees, who seek to beautify and improve the health conditions of the city by a liberal planting of shade trees throughout the residential sections of Manhattan, appeared at the public hearing of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to-day to urge the appropriation of \$20,000 for that work.

John Murray Mitchell, of the Tree Planting Association; Cyrus Clause, of the West End Association, and Walker Oils spoke in favor of the appropriations. They asserted that owing to the absence of sufficient shade in Manhattan streets the death rate among children during the summer months had increased.

Mayor Low and Comptroller Grant declared that the city was not adverse to entering into the tree planting enterprise, but protested that the legislative measure submitted by the Tree Planting Association hampered the board in granting appropriations.

The board will take into consideration the appeal of the shade tree advocates.

President John F. Cockerill, of the Road Builders' Association, appeared to urge an appropriation of \$10,000 for "earthling" the speedway. He informed the board that as the corporation has been a daily place of recreation for thousands of New Yorkers it should receive attention.

SILK THIEVES' GANG HEADED BY JUDGE?

Jersey Justice of the Peace Is Indicted with Two Others for Wholesale Robberies.

Wholesale robbery of manufactured silk by an organized gang has been going on for some time in Paterson, N. J., with the result that in an investigation by the Grand Jury of Passaic County indictments have been found against Jacob L. Simon, a Justice of the Peace, who is believed to be the financier and head of the combination; John J. Kelley and Frederick Wilson.

To Lawyer William B. Gourley, who was employed by the local silk association, belongs the credit for running the thieves down. He discovered the method of the gang, which is alleged to have been this: Kelley and Wilson entered the mills at night and carried off the silk in a wagon, while Simon disposed of the plunder thus obtained to a relative who was engaged in the silk business. This "fence" managed to escape before he could be detected, could complete their work.

The chief sufferers by the thefts were Julius Brandes, Krueger & Stein and Bareilly & Co., from whom over \$20,000 worth of goods were stolen.

BOILER LET GO, TWO KILLED.

Mother Dead, but Five Children Escape in Tugboat Explosion.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 20.—An explosion partially wrecked the tugboat Fred Nellis, of St. Louis, near Mount City, Ark. The dead: HILL, JOSIE, Mrs. St. Louis; badly scalded, died in hospital.

PHILIP, W. A. Memphis, second engineer; badly scalded, died in hospital. Of the four children, Willie Gillem, a negro porter, probably will die. The Nellis had eleven persons on board.

The explosion was caused by three boiler flues giving way. Mrs. Hill leaves five children, all of whom were on board the boat. None of the children was hurt.

REICHSTAG DEBATE BITTER.

Chancellor Called Upon to Dissolve Body and "End Comedy."

BETELIN, Oct. 20.—During to-day's debate in the Reichstag on the new tariff bill, a sensation was caused by Dr. Sauter, National Liberal, calling on Chancellor von Buelow to dissolve the House "and thus end the comedy."

The impression caused by the Dr. Sauter's speech was all the greater, because prior to the opening of the Reichstag it was rumored that the Government intended to dissolve the Reichstag if the first paragraph of the bill was defeated.

"CABBY" CAPTURED A "BAIL-JUMPER."

Boston Jehu Took "Ingrate" Noble Into Court Manacled to Him for Safe-Keeping.

"Cabby" the "Cope" is the title by which Chris Johnson is apt to be known among his fellow-Jehus when he gets back to Boston.

Johnson came to New York for a ransom. He goes back with his purchase and a prisoner to boot. He took the latter handcuffed to him into the Central Street Court this morning.

There were lots of people on Broad-way last night when Johnson was taken down the line. But there was one man, standing in front of the Metropolitan Opera-House, who attracted his particular attention. When the man saw Johnson he acted as emotional as a grand opera singer.

"He yelled 'Murder! Help! Police!' and everything else when I got him in a cab and told him we were going to Police Headquarters," said Johnson to the reporter.

"Then he tried to jump out and I snapped the nippers on him and handed him over to the police at Headquarters for safekeeping."

"He's an ungrateful guy," remarked Johnson, going on to say that when E. A. Noble, for such was the ignoble culprit's name, was arrested for receiving stolen goods in Boston a year ago last October, he became sure on the fellow's bail bond of \$300 and was obliged to forfeit the amount because Noble skipped out.

"Wot hurt me most," said Johnson, "was that he wrote me from London a little while after telling me he was having the greatest time of his life."

Noble hung his head, but couldn't repress a smile.

"But where did you get the nippers?" asked the puzzled magistrate.

"Oh, I carries dem wild me all de time," said Johnson, describing a careless gesture with his free hand. "You see, Judge, in Boston I help de coppers and dey help me."

"And you want to take this fellow back with you, do you?" inquired the Court.

"That's me heart's desire, Judge," said Johnson, "and you," continued the Magistrate, "go back to your home and tell your wife to go back with him."

"I guess I'll have to go as long as I'm handcuffed to him," was Noble's philosophical response.

"All right, take him along," said Johnson, "and jinking his shackled companion, 'Cabby,' the Copper, started for the door and Boston."

Notorious "Jim" Younger Shoots Himself Because He Cannot Marry the Girl of His Heart.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 20.—James Younger, a brother of Coleman Younger and a former member of the notorious Jesse James band of outlaws, will be buried in this city. He was found dead in his room in a downtown lodging-house, and near him was an envelope upon which he had written:

"To all that is good and true I love and bid farewell. JIM YOUNGER."

The reverse side of the envelope bore these words:

"Oh, lassie, good-by. 'All relatives, just stay away from me. No crocodile tears wanted. 'Reporters—be my friend. Burn me up. JIM YOUNGER.'"

Younger had ended his life by shooting himself in the head. His friends say he was impelled to the act by his inability to marry a young woman with whom he had fallen in love since his parol from the penitentiary, where he had been serving a life sentence for bank robbery. This young woman's parents objected to Younger, who found another obstacle in the State law, which fails to recognize the marriage of paroled convicts.

QUICK ANSWERS TO HELP CALLS come to advertisers who put their "Help Wanted" ads. in the Sunday World. Competent workers seeking employment look to Sunday World for guidance.

FOUR MEN SHOT IN RACE RIOT.

One White Man Missing and Supposed to Be Dead, Another Mortally Injured and Two Negroes Seriously Hurt.

WOMAN BEGAN THE TROUBLE.

Littleton, Ala., Is in Terror for Fear Blacks, Who Are in Majority, Will Seize Magazine at Mines and Blow Up Buildings.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 20.—One white man is missing and supposed to be dead, another is fatally wounded and two negroes are seriously injured as a result of a race riot at Littleton, a small mining town twenty-three miles from Birmingham.

Supposed dead: IRA CREEL, a white man. Injured: JOHN BAER, negro; shot in heel and thigh; serious. WILL TOLBERT, negro, who shot Thompson; shot in chest; serious.

Woman Started Trouble. The trouble was precipitated by a negro woman who pushed Joe Thompson, a white man, from a railroad trestle. The woman was accompanied by Tolbert, who fled on the white man after he had fallen.